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FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

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The Search

By JOSEPH ERNEST McAFEE

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part II, Chapter XXIV. By M. K. GANDHI

The Importance of Dogma!

By JOHN C. PETRIE

Discrimination in the Chinese Puzzle

By GILBERT REID

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began in this magazine on

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCVIII MONDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1927 NUMBER 26

SO LIVE!

So live that your after self—the man you ought to be—may in his time be possible and actual. Far away in the thirties, the forties, the fifties of the Twentieth Century, he is waiting his turn. His body, his brain, his soul are in your boyish hands. He cannot help himself. What will you leave for him? Will it be a brain unspoiled by lust or dissipation, a mind trained to think and act, a nervous system true as a dial in its response to the truth about you? Will you, Boy of To-day, let him come as a man among men in his time, or will you throw away his inheritance before he has had the chance to touch it? Will you let him come, taking your place, gaining through your experience, happy in your friendships, hallowed through your joys, building on them his own, or will you fling his hope away, decreeing, wanton-like, the man you might have been shall never be? —*David Starr Jordan.*

The recurrence of Washington's birthday brings to mind recent biographical studies of great men in the modern manner, especially as illustrated by the two current volumes, by Hughes and Woodward, on the great Virginian. The dominant note in these two works, so we are told, is truth—the *real* truth, the authors would have us understand—the exact picture of Washington as he swapped stories with his friends, lounged in his underclothes, and slept in his nightcap. Incredible has been the diligence of these two most recent biographers in finding and exposing every last detail of their hero's career—the escapades of his boyhood, his love affairs with women, his bad spelling and thrifty household management, his indifference to church-going, his drinking, swearing, tippling, and disreputableness generally. Nothing is left to the imagination—naught set down in malice, we may be sure, but naught concealed or disregarded in gracious understanding. But while everything else is given in utter fidelity to the canons of the ironic realism of the modern school of biographical writing, one thing seems to be missing. We refer to that quality, or complex of qualities, which made George Washington the commander-in-chief of the American army, the President of the Constitutional Convention, the first President of the United States of America, the admiration of his contemporaries, the hero of posterity, by common consent one of the few supremely great men of history. J. R. Green, surely not a prejudiced student, and an historian still regarded with respect, says of Washington, in his "Short History of the English People," that "no nobler figure ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life." Evidence of such a man, however, can be found nowhere in the writings of such authors as Hughes and Woodward. They make everything plain except what makes Washington to be remembered and acclaimed nearly two hundred years after his birth. What use such books, which describe the sun-spots, but never see the sun?

President Coolidge has made a clever move in calling for further disarmament as between America, England, France, Italy and Japan. No doubt about that! If he plays his cards from now on with any degree of skill, he will reap the same harvest of sentimental acclaim that fell to the lot of his predecessor, Mr. Harding, after the Washington Conference. Good-hearted and feeble-witted people the world around will fall into ecstacies of rapture and put on their ascension robes in preparation for the millenium just ahead. And meanwhile the ways of the world will go on precisely as they have gone on before, and the next war will come when it will come. For there will be no disarmament that amounts to anything until war itself is abolished. No nation is going to surrender arms which really count these days, no concert of nations will scrap such arms by joint agreement, so long as war remains legal and insecurity therefore constant. There can be a great display of disarmament, of course, especially in this age when the weapons of yesterday are becoming obsolete. Thus, the far-famed Washington Conference staged a tremendously impressive exhibition of scrapping battle-ships—impressive, that is, to ignorant and pious folk who did not realize that battleships had suddenly become a liability, a very expensive liability, and must be gotten rid of in some way that would not hazard disaster. So the five nations solemnly agreed to drop together their useless impedimenta, and get on with the kind of preparedness which in this age is really effective. In the same way, the Coolidge plan may lead to a second great show of scrapping cruisers—vessels which are not half as effective as men thought they were—and all the sentimentalists will shout again. But will these nations drop their submarines, their aeroplanes, their poisonous gases, their liquid fire, their giant tanks, their industrial mobilizations, their intensive military training? Well, just ask, and see! Our guess is that there is about as much chance of this type of armament

being suspended, as there is of the granite cliffs of Maine crumbling into dust. Our task is not that of getting rid of arms; it is that of getting rid of *war*. Seek this first, and all else will follow.

The Mexican embroilment has brought forth some interesting revelations. For instance, Mr. Lawson Purdy, one of the leading tax experts of the country, reminds the readers of the New York *Times* that the Public Lands law of the state of New York contains the following provisions:

> The following mines are the property of the people of this State in their right of sovereignty:
> 1. All mines of gold and silver discovered, or hereafter to be discovered, within this State.
> 2. All mines of other metals, and of talc, mica or graphite, discovered, or hereafter to be discovered, upon any lands owned by persons not being citizens of the United States.

This is Section 80 of the law. Section 83 provides for the working of such mines upon payment of a royalty to the state, and Section 85 endows mining corporations with the right of eminent domain to work mines upon the lands of others when they are unable to acquire such right by agreement. Now suppose, says Mr. Purdy, in comment upon these laws, suppose that "a very rich gold mine should be discovered in the State of New York upon land belonging to a citizen of Mexico." We might have some very interesting questions raised—questions curiously like those being raised in Mexico at this moment. "If the owner of the land happened to be a British subject," says Mr. Purdy, with delicate irony and obvious truth, "the matter might be treated more seriously than if it belonged to a citizen of Mexico." In the latter case, we may be sure, the land would promptly be seized. And what a howl of derision and anger would be lifted if Mexico dared to protest on behalf of her nationals! But now the boot is on the other foot, and *we* are doing the howling. High time is it that our government gave over this miserable and impudent business of interfering in the internal affairs of our southern neighbor, and of attempting to nullify her constitution and statute laws. Mexico has every moral and legal right on her side in this land question; or, if she have not, this fact will quickly be made manifest and justice done in arbitration proceedings. What is arbitration for, why has America endorsed the principle all these years, if not for use in just such a difficulty as this? Mexico has recognized this fact; it is high time that America followed suit.

Now Secretary Wilbur sees red! In his Lincoln Day speech he found emissaries of the Third Internationale busy among the small and weak states. He has not quite the imaginative range which others of the Coolidge administration display, in discovering perilous Bolshevist machinations among our own people. But he wants us all to shiver, nevertheless. Just as the creeps begin, we remember that he is Secretary of the Navy. Then we do tremble, shake—with laughter. Our federal foreign policy is a very large joke. It is cosmic in its comicality. Think of it! The Bolshevist seduction of weak, impoverished, and illiterate populations, tucked away in out-of-the-way corners of the earth, is seriously offered as the reason why we should build a powerful navy. We must have floating arsenals in every sea, with marines to be landed at a moment's notice on any shore. We must be prepared to shoot anybody who shows a disposition to investigate or experiment with the latest devices in popular government. It is thus that democracy should triumph. The elder statesmen made a sad mess of things in the political clean-up following the war. The few of them who still survive are themselves not quite so proud of the Treaty of Versailles as they once were. Latterly the middle-aged statesmen seem to be complicating the situation and stirring the mess anew. The old fellows were at least masterful. Their devices cannot endure the light of day, but they were cunning. And the old fellows had a skillful way of putting them over. Their successors' shining mark is their weakness, their mirth-provoking stupidity. The public searches in vain for motive, laudable or ignoble, sincere or malign. The arguments by which the administration has been driven to support its militaristic propensities just simply haven't any sense. They reveal a mentality which is hopeless. The program cannot be said to be wicked. It is no longer a crime. It is foolish!

A move which nobody can say much about now but which everybody should watch from now on, is that at Wisconsin University. Dr. Meiklejohn, who was some time since crowded out of the presidency of Amherst, and latterly has been a member of the faculty of Wisconsin University, is to head a corps of educators put in charge of an experimental college at Madison. Two hundred and fifty first and second year students are to be turned over to them. Or rather, this group of students will turn themselves over to the leadership of these educators, to conduct an experiment. They will set out to improve the present confessedly blundering college and university discipline. To what end is this adventure? That remains to be discovered. The uncertainty of the issue is a shining mark of the program. Dr. Meiklejohn may not be the wisest man who ever lived. He may be restless and tactless, but his restlessness is that of a man who catches gleams of a new vision, and his tactlessness is that of a man who would will his way to the fulfilment of that view. He may be opinionated, but he at least has opinions, some of them displaying a degree of tonic freshness. That is the word! He is a freshman among educators, and he does not cease to be razzed by sophomores among his educational colleagues. But freshness has some virtues which certain kinds of sophistication blur and blight. And President Glenn

Frank is certainly in better business playing with Dr. Meiklejohn than in sponsoring the jingoism of Wiggam and his school of self-worshipping Nordics. It has never quite appeared how far President Frank adopted Wiggam and his "science," and how far this scintillating Nordicist snatched the mantle from the Frankian shoulders against the owner's will. The episode did the University administrator no credit, at any rate. This move helps to restore confidence. It looks scientific. It shows determination to find out where ignorance is no longer bliss. It will succeed because it is a brave adventure, whatever comes of it in the way of new pedagogical formulas. Let us hope, in any case, that there will not be too many of these discovered.

The Mikado has been laid in his tomb. The mystic rites by which the event was accompanied seem weird to the Occidental observer, certainly to one who must look on across the expanse of three thousand miles of land and five thousand of sea, and actually see and hear only what the newspaper reporter gets over to him. The lugubrious creaking of an oxcart bearing the dead body, the doleful ancient music, the feverish anxiety of officials lest some accidental hitch in the proceedings shall put one or another of them under the solemn obligation to commit suicide before the rise of another sun, the various primitive and occult fixings and performances imported bodily into a state ceremony of a modern people, most of all, the evidences of abject worship of their earthly ruler by an enlightened modern nation all this makes the American pinch himself, wondering if he is alive and living in his world. Shintoism is odd. The devout Shinto Japanese seems impossible in this day and in the present world. But is he, after all, any more impossible than a thorough-going Fundamentalist, an American citizen who functions normally as a business or professional man in his community, and yet couches his religious ideas and ideals in the theological formulas of our Fundamentalist churches? Is the Shintoist more incomprehensible than the citizen of this modern American democracy who takes his religious orders in creed and in ritual from the Roman See, which is thoroughly, openly, shamelessly, boastfully medieval in interpretations of human realities? The "heathen in his blindness" is neither more blind nor more heathenish than are numerous and conspicuous groups among Americans. It is even more possible to be philosophic about the former than the latter. The former is farther away. We may inspect him at long range. He is interesting mainly as a curiosity. The latter is much more intimate—and amazing!

Percy Stickney Grant

Dr. Grant was never crowned a bishop or an archbishop. The mitre was not for him! But more truly than any ecclesiastic I have ever seen, he was a Prince of the Church.

I

His power began with his personal presence. He was handsome, even elegant, in appearance and dress. Wearing always the garb of the churchman, he was immaculately groomed, courtly in manner, reserved and even stately in bearing. Born of an old Massachusetts family, he was an aristocrat to the backbone.

It was this that made his democratic practises so unusual, so dramatic. A love of the common people as Lincoln manifested it, for example, seems to fit in with the rough, uncouth exterior of such a man. But to see Grant, arrayed in his ecclestiastical vestments, conducting the service in his cathedral-like church with all the punctilious refinement of the pious priest, to behold him walking the streets in the princely splendor of his manly beauty, to watch him in select companies of the great and honored, and then to find him working in generous and whole-hearted sympathy with waifs and wastrels, rogues and radicals of every description, was to get something of a shock. This man believed in the people, exactly as Lincoln did, and he believed that no place was too beautiful to receive them, and no salutation too courtly to greet them. He sought to do them honor by doing honor first of all to himself. Endowed with every physical grace, heir of art, culture and social training, master of languages and literatures, priest of the most exquisite and exclusive church in Protestant Christendom, he laid all these possessions and privileges reverently at the feet of the common people, and invited them to share. Gentleman, scholar, churchman, he was the most daring democrat of his time.

II

I see unforgettable pictures in my mind, as I think of Dr. Grant. I see him sitting in the stalls of his chancel, arrayed in the robes of his priestly office, surrounded by his vested choir-boys and singers, listening to the passionate utterances of the Socialist orator, Alexander Irvine, whom he had attached to his staff as a kind of lay-preacher to take charge of popular evening services. It was the straight gospel of social revolution, presented at Dr. Grant's precise invitation, and he listened gladly.

Again, I see him sitting on the patform of his vestry, conducting the free discussion of his Ascension Forum. Here he was, in all the dignity of his superb personal bearing, with all the quiet beauty of his gentle voice and polished diction, giving the floor to ragged radicals of every wildest variety of revolt. What courtesy in his mien, what patience in his eyes and

hands, what sweet tolerance in his understanding mind, what sympathy and compassion in his abundant heart! This was the way Jesus used to sit, I am sure, with the multitudes of his time, loving men just because they were men.

I see him again in a court of law, come to champion the cause and vindicate the character of Bouck White, pastor of the Church of the Social Revolution, arrested for publicly burning the American flag in a ritual service of internationalism. When he took the stand, how puny, unclean, and sordid seemed the judge and jury and officers of court! As he gave his testimony in behalf of the prisoner at the bar, how silent became the stuffy, scuffling room! As he arose, serene and calm, and bowed to prosecutor and judge, how the crime of "contempt of court" leaped out from every nerve and sinew of his body.

III

Dr. Grant's supreme quality was courage—courage not blustering like the storm, but quiet like the stars. This generation has seen nothing bolder than his organization of his Public Forum—the first out-and-out church forum of our time. Into the pomp and circumstance of the Episcopal Church he brought the man of the street, the labor leader, the radical, the "red" and bade them bear testimony against society. "These gatherings," says a contemporary newspaper account, "came more and more to be thronged by Socialists, Communists, and the pseudo-Bohemians of 'Greenwich Village' "—people who had never been inside of a church before! This was the crime of the affair, of course—that not respectables merely but disreputables should be made welcome before the altars of God! What wonder that newspapers were ribald, and bishops hostile! It was the most gallant gesture of our time on behalf of true Christianity—a magnificent attempt to get back something of the simplicity and humane beauty that were in Christ.

Other acts of his, less constructive, were no less heroic and sublime. Thus, at the very height of a textile strike in Paterson, New Jersey, when heads were being broken, blood spilled, and public excitement was at the breaking point, this serene churchman marched into court with crowds of dirty and disheveled prisoners, to protest against the violence of the authorities and plead for equal justice.

During the World War, himself a sympathizer with the conflict, he persistently opposed the enforcement of the espionage laws, and denounced the tyrannies of government. Who that was in New York can ever forget the day he made his church a headquarters for a public parade demanding amnesty for political prisoners? The paraders gathered in his vestry, organized their companies and raised their banners under his protection, and thence went forth to meet policemen's clubs and end their march in prison cells.

When Mitchell Palmer went crazy, and began his raids and deportations, Dr. Grant was one of the first to lift his voice in indignant protest. When the "Buford" sailed with its company of Russian anarchists, the Rector of Ascension Church compared them with the Pilgrim Fathers, and therewith spoke a word that carried 'round the world.

As outside in public affairs, so inside in theological and ecclesiastical affairs, he fought the powers that wielded tyranny in the interests of darkness and oppression. As he fought the officers of state, so he fought the officers of church, for democracy and larger freedom. He exposed the myths and superstitions in the creeds and demanded that they be relegated to an appendix of the prayer-book; he described the consecration of a church as a "magic rite," and asked why such witchery should close the churches to the wider human uses of the day; he denounced the church's intolerant and inhuman attitude toward divorce, and flung his own directly personal challenge in the teeth of the hierarchy by becoming engaged to a woman twice divorced. Deliberately, in the face of bitter hostility from vestryman to bishop, he chose to remain inside the church, that he might the more effectively fight her battles for deliverance. He loved the church, reverenced her tradition, and would have her young and free again.

But the bishops "got" him! Burch strangled his great Forum, and at last destroyed it. Manning, with the incomparable cunning and cruelty of the inquisitioner, hunted and hounded him, and at last had the pious satisfaction of seeing him resign, broken in body if still unshaken in mind and spirit. It was the kind of victory the church has been winning for seventeen hundred years—to the greater glory of Satan and all his works.

IV

The drama of Dr. Grant's career was that of a free soul enchained in an unfree society and unfree church. He hated the things that bound him and the people whom he would serve. He revolted against shams and hypocrisies, and the sycophants who sustained them. He sought the larger brotherhood, the wider fellowship of men. A breath of freer, cleaner, purer air came along when this man appeared; and now that he is dead, we feel again the miasmas of corruption in church and state.

The world may build its cathedrals and consecrate its bishops and write its prayer-books till the end of time, but all these things are touched to dust and ashes by the mystic presence of a *man!*

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The Search

I

The search for a philosophy of life is perennial, diurnal. Rarely has it been more zealous than now. Will Durant's "Story of Philosophy" is the best seller of all non-fiction books. Eager and newly awakened minds sweep history for answers to the elemental questions of being and of conduct. Why am I? Why should I do this and not do that other?

The quest is so keen that it here and there becomes a craze. The fakir never had a more glorious chance than now. The Orient cannot send over swamis and yogis fast enough to appease the "spiritual" appetite of the idle rich and the mentally impoverished or unbalanced workers in our cities. Nor are "native sons" slow in exploiting isms. Almost any adventurer can get away with his "stuff" provided it is sufficiently weird and unintelligible.

This passion to find assurance in the matter of the human ultimates is what has given fundamentalism its vogue. The term holds a charm of its own. Everybody thinks himself in search for the fundamentals, and here is a group who do not need to prove, they know that they have the fundamentals, infallible and sure.

They can prescribe just what to believe and just what to do, to seal the true and the right. Now advances one of their keenest minds who essays to become the Professor of Christian Apologetics in a fundamentalist theological school, and his own colleagues rise up to disallow his ambition, protesting that he has not the temper to present a proper defense of the Christian evangel. His truth, once for all delivered, has not cultivated the true spirit.

The most vehement exponent of the fundamentalist theological and ethical system picks a quarrel with a fellow-man. When the fellow-man resents his truculence, the preacher of the human fundamentals shoots down his man on his own door-step. Yet he is shameless. He boasts of his righteousness. And new thousands flock to his preaching of the infallible doctrine.

II

But other thousands are profoundly disturbed. Is this the final word, the ultimate truth, the infallible guide of conduct? Many who have imagined that fundamentalism supplied the goal of their quest are not now so sure.

Mr. Edison arrives at his eightieth birthday still declaring, as he has on many a previous occasion, that God means nothing to him. One of the most marvelously useful, creative human lives ever lived is wholly devoid of those spurs and inspirations to conduct which conventional religionists assure us are the *sine qua non* of the worthy life.

If Mr. Edison has gotten on without the impulses of religion, are they so elemental and fundamental as our standard religious institutions maintain? Mr. Depew, speaking with the wisdom of the sage of 93, rebukes the thoughtlessness of Mr. Edison, whom he jocularly belittles as a mere lad of 80. For his own part he holds to impulses of the religion set forth by the churches. He believes in the Bible, in God, in rewards and punishments after death.

Here is personal testimony. Mr. Depew is older. How much wiser have his superior thirteen years made him? Has he been more useful or less useful than Mr. Edison? Do his assertions prove anything? If you wish to be a life-long stand-patter, a royal good fellow, a matchless after-dinner speaker, an unimpeachable corporation official, then believe stoutly in God and the Bible, heaven and hell, and all of the conventional doctrines of the churches. If you wish to be an inventor, contributing some of the most beneficent arts of a millenium to human well-being, blessing by these your own and unreckoned generations beyond the capacity of any of your contemporaries, then do not believe in any of those conventional doctrines.

How far is the general quest for a philosophy of life satisfied by these examples and this reasoning?

III

At a conference of the social workers of a metropolitan center this ever-live topic is discussed. A highly honored leader of a social and ethical movement which offends correct religionists by its "nebulous" ideals, sketches the impulses which have kept him on his job for a rich lifetime of service to humanity.

A young minister steps forward to show that while his outline is comprehensive and masterful, it lacks coherence. Something this worker should have to make his formulas hang together. He should have the formula of formulas. He should have religion. He should know God.

Comes to her feet like a jack from his box a veteran woman leader who has spent her life in unreligious social settlements known and honored the world 'round. She has several remarks to make, indicating that she has never discovered the uses of religion, and takes her seat with the challenge, What is religion, anyway?

As promptly bobs up, following her, a veteran head of an outstanding evangelistic mission where the week never is permitted to pass without rousing sessions in which a "Come-to-Jesus gospel" is vehemently proclaimed. He protests that what has kept him faithful to his mission through more than forty years is absolute, unquestioning loyalty to Jesus Christ as Savior, Guide, and Master of his every hope and endeavor. He is even more plain than have been

the others in intimating that they go amiss and fall short who do not accept his particular way of life.

Yet auditors, as they follow turnings of the discussion, cannot stifle memories of instances when the last speaker has been harsh and ungentle and unyielding in his treatment of the wayward, even sending them to jail because they offended him and his sense of the proprieties; instances when workers in the unreligious settlements have practiced snobbery of a decidedly compromising character.

IV

And so the story runs. What shall one believe? Whose formula shall one take for one's guide of life? The answer has not been found. Probably because there is no answer. There is no formula all-sufficient. The pragmatic test still holds: By their fruits ye shall know them. But even that test fails when one presumes to transfer virtues bodily. By *their* fruits ye shall know *them.* Ripened fruit cannot be grafted on a new stem. The only sort which will not incontinently rot is the sort which grew there in the first place. And even that decays if allowed to hang too long on the bough as a spectacle for passers.

Whatever the present-day quest for a philosophy of life shall reveal, it is everlastingly clear that the discovery cannot be congealed in a dogma. Fundamentalism is absolutely true and sound for any man or woman who will transmute it into a beautiful and socially fruitful life. But fundamentalism foisted as a dogma upon those whose minds rebel against its aberrations, and whose ethical nature is repelled by its immoralities, is an outrage.

Religion or unreligion flaunted by a prig is one and the same, an unmitigated and immitigable bane. One's philosophy of life is first and last one's own. Its test is a workability for and in and through one's own self. The search for a formula infallibly ordained and propagated from some extraneous source of authority is the vainest of vanities.

There is much health in the new "revival of religion." It will not permanently strengthen the traditions and conventions of our standardized religious institutions. Their sponsors think it is doing so, and entertain much larger hopes still. But they must suffer disillusion. The young are vastly profiting by the new search. And it is never too late for oldsters to learn the secret of the larger and better life. Happily each must find it for himself. It is, indeed, a secret.

JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE.

Jottings

The Ann Arbor Army and Navy Club recently protested to the University of Michigan against permitting Sherwood Eddy to address the students on the campus. The protestants declared that Dr. Eddy's utterances were likely to contravene the University rule against permitting speeches which urge "the destruction or modification of our form of government by violence or other unlawful methods." The Detroit *Free Press* vigorously supported the action of the Army and Navy Club. All of which goes to prove that one freedom here in America is still unimpaired—namely, the freedom to make an ass of oneself!

A despatch from Geneva states that the League of Nations will not interfere to keep peace in China. No, of course not! China is a member of the League, and it looks as though somebody were making war on her. But what of it?

For sheer unadulterated, baseless superstition, this church announcement takes the proverbial cake:

> "The annual ceremony of blessing automobiles in the name of St. Christopher will be enacted today and during this week at Edmond Street and Liberty Avenue, in front of the Immaculate Conception Church. The custom is in keeping with the decree appointing St. Christopher as a special patron and protector for drivers and riders of automobiles. Automobiles stopping any hour of the day, Sunday, in front of the church will be blessed with a special rite, sprinkled with holy water, and given a label of protection for the machine, for the driver and for the riders."—(Pittsburgh, Penn., *News Item.*)

What's the matter with our insurance companies? Why have they overlooked these "sure" risks? Surely something is wrong with our characteristic American "hard-headed-business-sense" in refusing to "grab this off!"

We have at last discovered what would have averted the World War! The Hon. Charles B. Loftin, Vice-President of the San Antonio College of Chiropractors, said recently:

> "Had ex-kaiser Wilhelm received Chiropractic adjustments for whatever abnormal conditions from which he was suffering, the World War would have been averted."

We have heard of many causes tributary to the war; but this takes the blue ribbon prize.

Here is some 100 per cent American gospel, taken from the *Rail Splitter,* a Ku Klux Klan journal:

> United we Stick
> Divided we're Stuck
> The Tighter we Stick
> The better we Kluck.

Now will somebody please get up, and in plain American English tell us what this means? Is it any wonder that foreigners say we have two languages, one spoken, the other written?

It is an exciting thing to know that Jacob Wassermann is in this country. What a writer—a Titan among contemporary authors! The reading of "The World's Illusion" was an unforgettable experience. It seemed like Victor Hugo born again.

W. W. A. & J. H. H.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1927)

PART II—CHAPTER XXIV

Homeward

By now I had been three years in South Africa. I had got to know the people and they had got to know me. In 1896 I asked permission to go home for six months, for I saw that I was in for a long stay there. I had established a fairly good practice, and could see that people felt the need of my presence. So I made up my mind to go home, fetch my wife and children, and then return and settle out there. I also saw that if I went home I might be able to do there some public work by educating popular opinion and creating more interest in the Indians in South Africa. The £3 tax was an open sore. There could be no peace until it was abolished.

But who was to take charge of the Congress work and Education Society in my absence? I could think of two men—Adamji Miyakhan and Parsi Rustomji. There were many workers now available from the commercial class. But the foremost among those who could fulfil the duties of the secretary by regular work and who also commanded the regard of the Indian community were these two. The secretary certainly needed a working knowledge of English. I recommended the late Adamji Miyakhan's name to the Congress and it approved of his appointment as secretary. Experience showed that the choice had been a very happy one. Adamji Miyakhan satisfied all with his perseverance, liberality, amiability and courtesy and proved to every one that the secretary's work did not require a man with a barrister's degree or high English education.

About the middle of 1896 I sailed for home in the S. S. Pongola which was bound for Calcutta.

There were very few passengers on board. Among them were two English officers with whom I came in close contact. With one of them I used to play chess for an hour daily. The ship's doctor gave me a "Tamil Self-Teacher" which I began to study. My experience in Natal had shown me that I should acquire a knowledge of Urdu to get into closer contact with the Mussalmans and of Tamil to get into closer touch with the Madras Indians.

At the request of the English friend who read Urdu with me I found out a good Urdu Munshi from amongst the deck passengers, and our studies progressed famously. The officer had a better memory than I. He would never forget a letter after it had once been explained to him; I often forgot them and found it difficult to decipher Urdu words. I brought more perseverance to bear but could never overtake the officer.

With Tamil I made fair progress. There was no help available, but the "Tamil Self-Teacher" was a well-written book and I did not feel in need of much outside help.

I had hoped to continue these studies even after reaching India, but it was impossible. Most of my reading since 1893 has been done in jail. I did make some progress in Tamil and Urdu, in jails—Tamil in South African jails and Urdu in Yeravada Jail. But I never learnt to speak Tamil and the little that I could do by way of reading is now rusting away for want of practice.

I still feel what a handicap this ignorance of Tamil or Telegu has been. The affection that the Dravidians in South Africa showered on me has remained with me a cherished memory. Whenever I see a Tamil or Telegu friend I cannot but recall the faith, perseverance and selfless sacrifice of many of them in South Africa. And they were mostly illiterate, the men no less than the women. The fight in South Africa was for such and it was fought by illiterate soldiers; it was for the poor, and the poor took their full share in it. Ignorance of their vernacular, however, was never a handicap to me in stealing the hearts of these simple and good countrymen. They spoke broken Hindustani or broken English, and we found no difficulty in getting on with our work. But I wanted to requite their affection by learning Tamil and Telegu. In Tamil, as I have said, I made some little progress, but in Telegu, which I tried to learn in India, I did not get beyond the alphabet. I fear now I can never learn these languages and am therefore hoping that the Dravidians will learn Hindustani. The non-English-speaking among them in South Africa do speak Hindu or Hindustani, however indifferently. It is only the English-speaking ones who will not learn it, as though a knowledge of English were an obstacle to learning our vernaculars!

But I have digressed. Let me finish the narrative of my voyage. I have to introduce to my readers the captain of the S. S. "Pongola." We had become friends. The good captain was a Plymouth Brother. Our talks were more about spiritual subjects than nautical. He drew a line between morality and faith. The teaching of the Bible was, to him, child's play. Its beauty lay in its simplicity. Let all, men, women and children, he would say, have faith in Jesus and his sacrifice, and their sins were sure to be redeemed. This friend revived my memory of the Plymouth Brother of Pretoria. The religion that imposed any moral restrictions was, to him, no good. My vegetarian food had been the occasion of the whole of this discussion. Why should I not eat meat, or for that matter, beef? Had not God created all the lower animals for the enjoyment of mankind, as for instance, He had created the vegetable kingdom? These questions inevitably drew us into religious discussion.

We could not convince one another. I was confirmed in my opinion that religion and morality were synonymous. The captain had no doubt about the correctness of his opposite conviction.

At the end of twenty-four days the pleasant voyage came to a close, and admiring the beauty of the Hooghly, I landed at Calcutta. The same day I took the train for Bombay.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai*)

The Importance of Dogma!

"Why, what difference can it possibly make?"

This question was put to me by the wife of the Dean of Liberal Episcopalian Seminary which I attended for one year in the course of my preparation for the ministry. We had been speaking of the higher criticism and I had pointed out that if certain conclusions of the critics were true then we could no longer hold to the doctrine of the Incarnation. Jesus was not God but only a man.

Again the question was asked me just a few days ago in a letter from a young woman friend of mine. She had expressed her disbelief in the dogma of the Trinity and wrote me about it. I immediately gave her three reasons in writing why she had done right in denying the dogma and how she could not possibly accept the belief that Jesus was the infallible God. Her answer was in the way of a condescending smile at my earnestness about a very unimportant subject. How could one get excited over so trivial a matter as to whether or not Jesus was God or just plain man?

These two people are not exceptions among moderns. They would away with all religious controversy as being quite useless and beside the point. To them the human race all these centuries has been slaying the long slain dead or charging windmills. It is the purpose of this paper to try to set down some very plain reasons showing that dogma is not unimportant or academic but something of the utmost vital moment, likely to touch the lives ot any or all of us at any time. The question of the nature of Jesus is not something that can be shut up inside the minds and hearts of believers and infidels. It is a principle having marked effects upon the external world in which we live.

Nor do I expect to go to ancient or medieval history to prove my point. It is not to the outrages at Alexandria I shall appeal. It is not the persecutions of Catholics by Arian emperors and the persecution of Arians by Catholic emperors I shall point. Nor shall I stop at the Spanish torture and burnings of Jews and non-Catholics, nor to the Genevan fire that destroyed Servetus, nor the Tyburn stake that saw the horrible deaths of those Catholics who died rather than deny that the Pope had more jurisdiction in England than any other foreign potentate. The effects of dogma of which I mean to speak are here and now.

I

First let me touch upon a few personal experiences I have come in contact with having to do with the orthodox doctrine of the indissolubility of the marriage bond.

In a town of the middle west there was a young married couple who belonged to the country club. The wife was a divorced woman when she married her second husband. Her first marriage had been with a notorious rake and degenerate who broke her heart within a few months. His incapacity for marriage was of the kind that Havelock Ellis has written volumes about. It was not a question of adultery. The Episcopal church allows a divorce with remarriage for the innocent party in such cases. But the High Church priests will have none of it. To them the rule of Rome is the true one. Once married there is no escape. There is no second chance. So when the woman finally met a man she could love and who in turn could and did love her she divorced husband number one and married the second man.

This marriage was a happy one. But it was adultery in the eyes of the Episcopal pastor. The couple were not only refused communion but when they brought their first born to be baptized the rector assumed his best sneer and said, "Of course, I never refuse to baptize illegitimate children."

That rector's influence was considerable in the town and as a consequence those two young people were cut off from much of the social life that should have been theirs. At one time when the rector and his wife were entering the country club for dinner there was only one table that was not full. The rector's wife saw that the other two occupants of the tabel were the terrible sinners but that made no difference to her and she at once sat down and began speaking to them. But the rector was a man of God. It would not do to eat with sinners and publicans as the Master had done and in a loud tone of voice to be heard all about the dining hall ordered his wife to leave the table at once.

Where does the doctrine of the Incarnation enter in here, may be asked? Jesus was God. He denounced all divorce. Therefore those people were sinners of the deepest dye and the rector did no more than his duty. Let the woman return to her perverted "husband" and she might again be received into the society of those who make up the kingdom of God on this earth.

A second case arose in another town of the west near my own parish. The woman in this instance was wedded by all the ceremonies of the high church to a no good scion of a rich Wisconsin lumber family. After a year of abuse of the most indescribable sort this poor soul dragged herself and baby to her father's door step only to be ordered back to her husband. She got up her courage, this daughter of a wealthy man, and took to school teaching for a living. But before she had secured a position she applied for the job of matron at an Episcopalian boarding school. It was a work for which she was eminently fitted and the Principal was on the point of accepting her. The local rector learned of it and put a spike in the plan by telling the Principal that this woman had dared to divorce her lawfully wedded husband. This, regardless of the fact that she had not remarried and that her husband was now living openly with another woman whom he later married.

After teaching a while she too fell in love and remarried. The rector kept after her with taunts of adultery until she finally left the man she loved and returned to teaching and supporting herself and child. Jesus was God. He issued a divine edict against divorce and there was an end on't.

Another case was that of a devout young communicant of the church who married a divorced woman. She had been booted about for a number of years by one of the most selfish brutes it could be a woman's misfortune to be married to. The second man had long waited for the one true love

to enter his life. When the two met it was love at first sight. Their marriage was ideally happy till he became very ill and in danger of death. Then his old religious scruple returned and he went to confession to the nearest Episcopalian rector. That man of God refused him absolution unless he would give up this "partner in crime." The priest of the Most High had his way. At least for six months he did. For so long as the patient was ill and under the thumb of the rector he kept his wife away from his bedside and told her that her only recourse was to return to the brute from whom she had been divorced!

I had first hand knowledge of this case. I saw the woman's pitiful appeals to his sense of love. The man did love her. But he was sick. His fear of Hell had overtopped his love. He tried to be kind in his rebuffs but he made it plain that the eternal Lord of heaven and earth had revealed that their marriage was only adultery and no matter what hardship was involved God had to be obeyed. And he quoted the Bible about cutting off one's right hand in order to be saved.

The wife's letters filled me with pity and as the man grew stronger and his health of mind returned with his health of body I took it upon myself to reconcile the two. They are happily living together today. And furthermore I am positive that their reunion is a permanent one, for before I let them out of my sight I proved to that man that Jesus was a man and no God. And that even if he did lay down the marriage law as administered by the modern priests it was not binding on him or anyone else.

Incidentally I made it clear to him that I thought Jesus never intended to make hard and fast laws. That in the matter of divorce he was simply denouncing the practice of his day whereby a Jew could get rid of a wife of whose charms he had tired by the mere handing her of a bill of divorcement. When Jesus argued that a man and his wife shall be one flesh and cling the one to the other he meant that he believed in the sanctity of marriage. But I assured the man that no such difficult marriage case as that of his wife had ever been presented to Jesus for solution, or if it had been the decision was not preserved in the gospels.

I stop with these three divorce cases not because they are all I have to bring up. My whole ministry has been full of such occurrences. And the cruelties and hardships that have been imposed upon innocent victims in the name of the Godhead of Jesus are beyond telling in print. And the worst of it is that such things may happen to any of us, to our wives, to our children, or our children's wives and husbands. So far as it applies to the divorce question, the dogma of the Incarnation is no mere academic affair.

II

Another hard and fast law growing out of the dogma of the deity of Jesus is the absolute prohibition on birth control by the Roman Catholic Church. One of the first instances to come to my attention was in a Catholic parish near mine. A mother of twelve children complained to me of the drunkenness of her husband. She was already tubercular as were six of the children. She told me that when she appealed to her priest for help he only told her that it was her duty to yield to her husband and that she must take any consequences resulting therefrom as if from the very hand of God.

Only recently another case has come to me from one of my closest friends. His mother has just passed on, dead as the result of a cancer of the womb. As child after child came her doctor urged her to do something to save herself from certain death. But her pastor told her she would commit a mortal sin by so doing and being a devout Catholic she obeyed. The last year of her life was one agony. The boy I speak of is heart broken and disconsolate. Of one thing he is certain, that he will never go to Mass again.

A law against indiscriminate use of contraceptives might find much approval among others than Catholics in an age when the very people who ought to be bearing children are shirking that responsibiltiy in favor of the less well equipped. But it ought to be a law administered with due regard to all the circumstances. The moral theology of the Catholic Church allows the priest no discretion whatsoever. If the woman confesses to the practice she is told that it is a mortal sin and that if she dies with such sin unforgiven she will surely go to eternal hell fire. And to make sure that Catholic women are not uninstructed in the matter there are pamphlets distributed at church doors, articles written in church papers, and even as in the case of the Archdiocese of New York, pastoral letters issued by Episcopal authority.

The attitude of Cardinal Hayes in the matter is all the more striking in face of the fact that he is so universally beloved as the Apostle of Charity. His heart is that of a gentle father. His love for the unfortunate poor of his great archdiocese is deep and tender. And yet when he is confronted with the terrible situation of overburdened mothers bringing forth unwanted children, some cripples, some feeble minded, most of them to live on the streets and to suffer thereby, his only appeal is to a hard and fast law of his Church. What his own heart would not allow him to say he can express by throwing the responsibility back upon the Church which is to him the infallible mouthpiece of the infallible God-man, Jesus.

Rome's attitude toward the question of the fate of unbaptized babies who die without that sacrament is characterized by the same sort of legalism. One priest told me that his soul revolted one time when he called on a family of stricken Hungarians whose baby had just fallen into the fire and been burned to death. There had been no baptism and the mother was unconsolable. She knew from the teaching of her church that she could never be reunited in heaven with her child.

The most absurd practice grows out of the belief that the mere washing of the babe in the font of Baptism is enough to save him from Limbo. The Church has a practice called clinical Baptism. When there is danger of a still birth the priest will perform a pre-natal baptism. On such trivialities is the mercy of God made to depend in the theology of Phariseeism. The infallible God said in Mark's Gospel that except a man believe and be baptized he cannot be saved. That settles it. No matter how absurd, no matter how cruel. Anything is jus-

tifiable so long as Jesus can be quoted as an authority for it.

Today in the town where I live is an old man who is nearing his end. He has not been a terrible sinner. But now that death approaches he can think of nothing but his sins. Every day I see him on the streets and when I ask after his health I get the same answer. He is so afraid. Afraid of what I ask him. Of death. Of Hell. He has been so wicked.

What is there to fear in death? It is usually painless unless accompanied by a painful sickness that would be as painful whether it were mortal or not. And of the beyond what has he to fear? The same universe and the same God govern the future as the present. God will not be one God here and another hereafter. If he is going to go on it will have to be after the same laws that govern God and man and the universe here and now. If he is not going to continue to live in the next world then he will only be falling asleep. But the church has put the fear of an eternity of Hell into his heart. Jesus believed or seems to have believed in an eternal fire of eternal torture. That settles it.

Nor is that old man an exception. Any doctor can tell tales aplenty of patients crying out in fear at the end of their lives. Not that the fear of Hell has made them better living people. The main result seems to be that they turn coward at the end and send for the priest whom they would not allow in the house when they were well and in their right minds.

To what shall we trace the persecution of the teachers of science but to the hard and fast dogma of the Incarnation? Bryan was no fool. No more is John Roach Straton nor Frank Norris. They fight evolution because they see that its belief will destroy faith in the Fall of Man, in Original Sin, and hence in the belief that mankind needed someone to work an Atonement with an angry God. The very *raison d'etre* of the Incarnation will fall with the evolutionary hypothesis once in general acceptance. And so because they feel the need of the Incarnation these gentlemen are willing to take any means in their power to stop the progress of science, of historical and biblical criticism. If you happen to live in the North or the East this may not be of interest, but for one living south of the line it is all too obvious that the doctrine of the deity of Jesus is no academic business. It touches the lives of all of us and the livings of some.

In this same little town where I live are four Protestant churches ministering to scattered handfuls of people. One good sized church with one pastor could handle them all easily. And this situation is but the world in epitome. The church is a house divided against itself. Why? Because they all believe that people are saved not by their lives alone but by their beliefs. They all hold that Jesus is God and yet cannot agree upon what it is he taught as the indispensable means for man's salvation. They cannot see what a horrible failure God made of His attempt to reveal His purposes to mankind if these divisions are the result. They talk much about church unity but apparently are blind to the fact that free men can never be made to think and believe alike and that therefore there can never be free unity on the basis of faith. The unity of faith of the middle ages was not free. Those who dared to express a disagreement learned to their woe that faith meant conformity to the standard set by the group, not the willing acceptance of what appeared to be the truth.

Is dogma unimportant? It is of the utmost importance. We may yet be forced to accept one form of belief, jammed down our throats by mere force. Hear the Reverend John A. Ryan, one of the leading Roman Catholic Liberals in America.

> But Constitutions can be changed, and non-Catholic sects may decline to such a point that the political proscription of them may become feasible and expedient. What protection would they then have against a Catholic State? The latter could logically tolerate only such religious activities as were confined to the members of the dissenting group. It could not permit them to carry on general propaganda nor accord their organization certain privileges that had formerly been extended to all religious corporations.

The above and more like it from Father Ryan's "The Church and the State" is not illogical. It is thoroughly in keeping with the doctrine of the Incarnation. Rome is not afraid to follow where her principles lead her as are so many of those bodies who would imitate her. Rome knows that if Jesus is God, and if the Catholic Church is the one organization founded here on earth to teach what Jesus wanted men to be taught then there can be no such thing as religious liberty. The Church must see to it that the true religion and no other is taught to the members entrusted to her care.

And furthermore, as spiritual things are superior to temporal things it follows by inescapable logic that the Church must be superior to the State and that the State must be called in to enforce the decisions of the Vicar of Christ on earth, the Pope of Rome.

Rome is not unreasonable. She is reason itself if you will grant her the premise that Jesus Christ is God. It is the others who are unreasonable. They protest that he is God but that it does not matter whether or not his teachings are taught to all people. They think he founded a church and yet are absurd enough to say that it is not necessary for men to belong to it. Of all idiotic arguments the one which says one Church is as good as another wins the prize. If there is such a thing as a true Church how can the rest be as good? And if there is no true church of what use was the Incarnation? Except on the basis of one infallible representative here in this world to interpret what Jesus meant then Jesus instead of bringing a revelation only added more to the enigma of life.

Rome is logic incarnate if———there is the rub, if Jesus is God.

I maintain that there is no stopping place between the Incarnation and the full Roman Catholic belief and all that goes with it. And if I am right can anyone call dogma a mere affair for hair splitting theologians? If the consequences of that dogma are not of vital importance to every man, woman, and child in these United States will someone please show me something that is of importance?

IV

But of course it is true that there are thousands if not millions today who do not dare face the fact that they have lost belief in the deity of Jesus just because they have been taught that there can be no religion without that corner stone of faith. What is left, they ask?

Well, God is left, for one thing. Nothing we say about who Jesus was has anything to do with the existence or nature of God. If the thought of philosophers, ancient as well as modern, has had to conceive of an infinite Being as the Creator of all that lives and moves, the mere fact that Jesus is not that God does not disturb the belief of ages.

And then there is Jesus himself. His teachings remain. Not the authoritative legal pronouncements of a God, but the lofty moral and religious principles which the world recognizes as the highest that man has ever dreamed of. The twentieth century stands as far from realizing the moral ideals of Jesus as did the first. No one can think of how we are using our science and inventions without wishing that Jesus's teachings about co-operation and love might rule this world rather than those of competition and hate. His lofty conception of one man and one woman united in the holiest of bonds, the marriage of true love, is as far from realization today as in the day when the Pharisees took advantage of the loop holes of the Mosaic law to rid themselves of uncharming mates. We are still two thousand years behind him in the matter of the brotherhood of man. We believe in the Nordic brotherhood, or the Fascist brotherhood, or the Shriner brotherhood. But the brotherhood of man?

For a God to preach as Jesus did was no miracle. Indeed it was a terrible thing for a God to prophesy the immediate ending of a world which refused to end. The God who believed that lunacy was demoniac possession was more ignorant than Houdini. The God who preached an eternal hell fire does not excite our admiration. But granting that Jesus was a first century Jew, limited by the limitations of the time, then and then only do we have the picture of a transcendent genius. Then does he stand out as one of the greatest, if not the greatest figure of all time. For flesh and blood to accomplish what he did means something.

Does our hope of immortality rest on the deity of Jesus? I hold to that belief myself, not on the authority of church or man, but just because it strikes me as being in keeping with the goodness of God.

And so there is much more than I have indicated for a man to believe in and to work for without his accepting dogmas that will turn and rend him limb for limb. Such a religion requires a little courage at first till one gets used to standing on ones own feet. And above all it requires faith. But this is a different kind of faith from that which the orthodox churches talk about and out of which they build up their prisons for the human spirit.

Comfort, Texas. JOHN C. PETRIE.

Discrimination in the Chinese Puzzle

The foreign press as published in China has for the most part always abstained from taking sides with one faction or another; it is more interested in China as a whole than with any particular group or section of the country. Being thus neutral as is befitting an outside observer the foreign press has often more of the Chinese nationalistic spirit than have rabid partisans among the Chinese whether called Nationalists or not. The foreign press, like many foreign individuals, finds it incumbent to express views on current events, and in many respects is more able to render calm and sober opinions than the Chinese themselves. However, what is much needed in the present confusion is that both Chinese and foreigners should exert themselves to the utmost for the formation of a sound judgment, free from prejudice or passion. What is needed is discrimination. This is the significance of the Chinese Virtue of Wisdom, one of the Five Cardinal Virtues.

Discrimination is needed first of all in respect to condemning or condoning foreign interference. The warning directed against such interference has lately been meant for such countries as most of us belong to, and lately dubbed "imperialistic," such as Great Britain, the United States, France and Japan. Since the Great War, Germany through a kind of enforced isolation has been fortunate in escaping from the usual tirade. Soviet Russia, by stealthily keeping the Chinese busy in warding off these other foes, has managed to dress herself in a robe of innocence and to usurp their place as the one and only true friend of China. Apparently the great mass of the Chinese are allowing themselves to be deluded; even students, who have laid aside the old Virtues, of which wisdom is one, have been at the beck and call of their north-west neighbor. If you ask them to stop and differentiate, they take the suggestion as a slap at their intelligence and rebuke you for your impudence. In spite of the difficulty of inducing others to calm reflection, I venture to point out two things in this matter of foreign interference. The one is the Agreement made by Ambassador Karakhan both with Dr. C. T. Wang and subsequently with Dr. Wellington Koo that the Soviet Government would refrain from carrying on any propaganda of their Soviet ideas within the boundaries of China. And yet all the way from Kashgar to Mukden, and from Kalgan to Canton and from Shanghai to Tibet, a persistent agitation has been going on to subvert the social and political ideas of the Chinese, whether of the old monarchical school or the new theory of a republic. Literature has been distributed and agents have been employed in this task of overturning existing institutions. In the same way agitation within the limits of China has been directed against other foreign countries, with some of whom like Japan and Great Britain the same kind of agreement has been made by the Soviet Government to abstain from propaganda.

Equally dangerous is the way Soviet Russia has supplied arms and money to the Chinese faction which has been in revolt against the Peking Government, while at the same time the Agreement made by the Soviet Government is with the Peking Government. The more the Soviets of the radical or communistic

element, have pushed their ideas, the more have they found favor with certain Chinese. Old and well-tried friends from other countries have been treated as the worst of men and as enemies to humanity, while these destroyers of China's inheritance have been hailed as leaders in the new crusade for bringing in a millenium of enough for all but less for the other man. If foreign Powers have interfered too much in the past—but not so now—what of these new forms of interference in which Soviet Russia has got her grip on China and by which much of Chinese territory has been quietly taken away?

A second need of using discrimination is in reference to the kind of government best suited to China. In 1911 Dr. Sun Yat-sen and others, after being allowed to set a-going their revolutionary schemes from the safe retreat of foreign nations, especially of various parts of the British Empire, of the United States and of Japan, succeeded in overturning the Manchu Constitutional Monarchy, and established, much after the American model, a Constitutional Republic. Today that democratic fervor has gone, and under Soviet advice Sovietism, Socialism and even Communism are to be tried. The ideal of democracy has disappeared. The old flag of the Five Races is no longer flung to the breeze, but a new kind of flag, patterned more after that of Soviet Russia than after the Stars and Stripes, is insisted upon as the National flag. Whoever clings to the old flag of the republic is treated as an enemy, not as a patriot. British, American and Japanese friends of fifteen years ago give place to the new friends of the Soviet Union. Much is said still of "the people," but there is no time for discriminating between the rule and welfare of all and the rule and tyranny of a few, and these the least educated in a community.

Neither is one encouraged to inquire where lies the difference between the exactions and oppression of the northern militarists and what will be required, more or less, by the orders of the Nationalist Government. If faults are found in the rule of the past, will there be improvement in the new rule of strikes, boycott, confiscation and class struggle? If the old friends have been proved useless, will the new ones be any better? If strikes are started and continued so as to injure foreign trade, will Chinese trade reap any advantage? If arms and ammunition smuggled into China from "imperialistic" countries is a wrong, how can the open transfer of arms and ammunition from Soviet Russia be passed as innocent? If the militarism of Chang Tsu-lin, Wu Pei-fu, Chang Tsung-chang and Sun Chuan-fang be a curse to the country, what about the militarism of Chiang Kai-shek, and his varied sattelites? Are the people to be set free as soon as the Nationalists come into power? Is China sailing into a quiet harbor, or is she rushing towards the rapids?

Shanghai, China. GILBERT REID.

The Study Table

Tanks, Gas and the War of the Future

In this little volume,* Captain Liddell Hart regards war as "a hard fact" and an effort more or less laudable to "subdue the enemy's will to resist," but which should "be accomplished with the least possible human and economic loss" to our side, whichever that may be. The author severely criticises the ordinary military theories, based on Napoleon-worship. He shows how much more vulnerable the civilian population is than their shield, the army. It constitutes the vulnerable tendon in the heel of Achilles and is therefore the natural object of attack.

"The new model armies" advocated by Captain Hart, will depend on tanks and aeroplanes, with poison gas, rather than on the infantry with their squalid trench labyrinths and "mausoleums of mud." Old fashioned war he rightly calls "progressive butchery," to determine which side can hold out longest. Chemical warfare is the ideal weapon, at once cheaper, more efficient and more humane than shot and shell, although one which "international juries fondly believe their parchment decrees will rule out of future war!"

It may be that gas, poison and its associated villainies are really more humane than gunpowder, but *not if their horrors are simply added to all the others.*

The value of this book seems to be mainly in its demonstration that the process of wholesale manslaughter is still in its infancy, because it is directed against the strongest side of the enemy and not its weakest, the women and children. Yet it is steadily verging that way. Already, according to Anatole France "They have taken from the art of arms all that it kept of humanity. They have killed peace. They are killing war. They have made it a monster that cannot live."

It is evident that the surest and quickest way to subdue the enemy's will to resist, will be to capture and torture a few thousand of its weakest elements. This would make it indeed "a woman's war." The nation which can do this most speedily to be declared the winner.

Captain Hart plainly shows that the only way to make war humane and effective is to kill it dead through its complete outlawry.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

*"Paris or the Future of War," by Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, New York, H. P. Dutton & Co.

Notes

The leading article of the *Survey Graphic* for February is by Mr. Holmes, on "What Is Worth Fighting For In American Life?" It is accompanied by a photograph, and a tribute in recognition of Mr. Holmes's twentieth anniversary as minister of the Community Church in New York.

Mr. Holmes also contributes the leading article to the January issue of *Religious Education*, journal of the Religious Education Association. The subject is "Health and Sickness of Religion Today."

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

CONGREGATIONALISTS AND UNIVERSALISTS GET TOGETHER

The Congregational and Universalist bodies which have been dealing with the subject of church unity since the last meeting of the general conventions of the two denominations have reached an agreement and put out the following important statement:

The National Council of Congregational Churches and the Universalist General Convention, at their sessions held in October, 1925, referred to the Congregational Commission on Interchurch Relations and to the Universalist Commission of Christian Comity and Unity certain proposals looking toward closer fellowship. The members of these Commissions, after fraternal conference and discussion, join in issuing the following statement:

We believe that the basis of vital Christian unity is a common acceptance of Christianity as primarily a way of life. It is faith in Christ expressed in a supreme purpose to do the will of God as revealed in him and to cooperate as servants of the kingdom for which he lived and died. Assent to an official creed is not essential. Within the circle of fellowship created by loyalty to the common Master there may exist differences of theological opinion. With that primary loyalty affirmed, such differences need not separate; rather, indeed, if the mind of the Master controls, they may enrich the content of faith and experience; and if it does not control, theological agreements will not advance the Christian cause. "Religion today does not grow in the soil of creeds."

The unity of a common loyalty to the Christian way of life is already a fact, to which the high task in which we are now engaged is witness. Not only Congregationalists and Universalists, but multitudes of other forward-looking Christians, share this unity of faith and endeavor. It is not something to be artificially formed, but a growing relationship to be recognized and afforded ways of practical expression. None of us would advocate, as none of us could enter, a fellowship that would compromise loyalty to the truth as any one of us may see it or would stifle freedom to bear testimony to its worth and power. What appeals to us is the challenge of a great adventure to prove that a common purpose to share the faith of Christ is a power strong enough to break the fetters of custom and timidity and sectarian jealousy that hitherto have put asunder Christian brethren who at heart are one, and who can better serve the Kingdom of God together than apart.

The Protestant Churches of America are learning to work together. By so doing they honor their heritage and fulfil their mission. The Congregational and Universalist Churches are branches of the same parent stock. They grew out of the same soil and are bearing the same kind of fruit. The historic reasons for their separation have practically disappeared, and new and stronger reasons for union have arisen. In statement of faith, in form of worship, in organization for work and in standards of life, these two branches of Protestantism differ now in no essential respects.

In the judgment of the Commissions the time has arrived for the Congregational and Universalist Churches to seek the closest practicable fellowship. Their activities are proceeding already along lines closely parallel. They can

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Correspondence

Mahatma Gandhi and Truth

Editor of UNITY:

How is it that Mahatma Gandhi has won universal respect? Why is he not a spent force? What makes India still rally round his banner? Because he wields the primitive force of character; because he practices before he preaches; because he has a smile and a word of comfort to every he or she on the face of the earth.

Some people do him great wrong when they attribute to him supernatural qualities. These people should remember that to possess saintly ideas is not to be a saint. He feels happy when his people are happy. He weeps when any one of them dies. He looks, speaks and acts like any other man. He is quite human as you and I.

If human as you and I why should there be so much talk about him—why so much interest in his biography which he calls "The story of my experiments with Truth?" Because,—the answer is in the question itself,—his experiments with Truth. Yes, he has experimented with Truth and has proved beyond all doubt that Truth alone will live. All others, shibboleths, sophistries and shams have their fill of life and die ignominious deaths, unwept, unhonored and unsung.

Experimenting with Truth! What a curious idea. We speak the truth. We ask our boys to do the same. He who does not speak the truth we call him a liar. We have heard of Keats' famous line, "Truth is beauty and beauty truth." But what on earth is this experimenting with Truth? Is Truth an apparatus like a telescope or the transit instrument so that we may gaze at the wonders of the heavens? Is it a machine? No, it is not an apparatus because it has no error, no deviation, no parallax. It is no machine in that its efficiency is hundred per cent and not some figure below hundred. But why this bother? Take Dryden's definition of nature. Substitute truth for nature wherever the word occurs. Straightway you get Gandhi's Truth. It includes everything that we commonly understand by truth, beauty, righteousness and love.

Gandhi teaches us that it is possible and quite easy once we are earnest, to live up to Truth. The noble in the castle, the wealthy in the mansion, the poor and the lowly in the cottage, all can. He is narrating to us how as the son of a wealthy man he lived up to Truth, how as a struggling barrister he lived up to Truth, and how as a poor man he still lives up to Truth. He teaches us that gold ornaments do not really beautify a person, that scented baths do not exalt man anyway. He teaches us that learning alone is fit adornment, that it transcends all earthly possessions as the sun transcends the stars. He teaches that it is non-violence which distinguishes us from animals. He teaches us that it is in love that we show our kinship to God.

K. R. NATARAJAN.

Madras, India.

An Open Letter

President Calvin Coolidge,
Washington, D. C.
Dear Sir:

Henry Ford says this talk of war with Mexico is due to the fact that some "financiers want something in Mexico." If these financiers are trying to discredit your administration there would be no better way to throw light into dark places and show up those who are talking war than to throw the whole Central American and Mexico business open to arbitration.

Victor Hugo once said there is something stronger than armies, an idea whose time has come. Arbitration is a great American idea stronger than battleships and marines. May your administration be the one to realize the power of this idea for the present and future ages.

Sincere best wishes.

ARTHUR HEEB.

Los Gatos, Cal.

do many things together to advantage which they are now doing separately. Each church will be quickened through this free fellowship.

We therefore recommend:

First: That the ministers and representatives of each denomination be invited to sit as corresponding members in the local, state and national associations of the other denomination and to participate in their deliberations.

Second: That the agencies of each denomination in the realms of religious education, social service, evangelism, rural church development and similar problems, be urged to arrange for joint programs for promotion as far as practicable.

Third: That in each community where churches of both denominations are found they be urged to study what they can do together with mutual profit by way of union services, the interchange of pulpits and the promotion of common enterprises.

Fourth: That there be a mutual interchange of representative speakers at national, state and local gatherings.

Fifth: That the denominational journals be urged to make the largest practical interchange of editorials and of printed matter of common interest, in order that each constituency may be kept fully informed regarding the other and of the progress made in the direction of a closer fellowship.

Sixth: That, in order to secure more thoroughly co-ordinated movements, no actual steps toward the organic union of local Congregational and Universalist churches be made without consulting their respective Commissions.

Seventh: Wherever the problem of an adequate church constituency presses for solution, and in any community where denominational divisions work for wastefulness, those responsible are urged to co-operate in organizing for more effective service.

We believe that from these and similar joint undertakings increased effectiveness in common tasks and even more will result. Comradeship in a common faith and loyalty will be its finest and most prophetic grace. That quickened sense of comradeship will fashion its own ecclesiastical instrumentalities. None of us can yet foresee clearly what sort of organized fellowship will arise to give form and coherence to the spiritual unity that Christians of the open mind gladly confess. We are now convinced that it will be something larger and more inclusive than anything that now exists. What we do see, with a profound feeling of gratitude and responsibility, is that, in the providence of God, these communions which we represent have been led by their respective historic traditions and spiritual development to a common faith in the Christian way of life as their supreme concern. They would travel it not only as friends but as allies, with a spirit as inclusive as the mind of the Master.

In such a larger fellowship Congregationalists and Universalists alike, both as churches and individuals, may find fresh incentive to service and sacrifice. The stirring challenge to forward-looking Christians of whatever name today is to make their churches vitalizing centers of the Christianity that is in Christ, and so to promote the broader fellowship through which alone the mighty task of winning the world by the Master shall be accomplished. To that we commit ourselves. The event is in the hands of God.

This joint statement is issued with the announcement that it has the approval of two other general bodies to which it has been submitted—the Executive Committee of the National Council of the Congregational Church and the Board of Trustees of the Universalist General Convention.

It will not, however, become an official pronouncement of either denomination as a whole until it is passed upon by the National Council of the Congregational Church, which meets at Omaha, Nebraska, in May, and by the Universalist General Convention, which meets at Hartford, Conn., in October. It is put out now for the information of all Congregationalists and Universalists.

—*The Christian Leader.*

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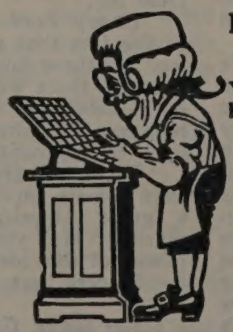

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